SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a suck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming rightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Behar! Lai Chatterii, "The appointed mouthpleec of the Bell," addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little bronze box, "The Token," into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name, He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Coi. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quains, Several nights later the Quain home is burgarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain go hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marconed. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in Enganden Strangely agitated. Chatterli appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton seizes a revolver and dashes after Chatterli, He returns wildly excited, says he has killed the Hindu, takes polson, and when dying asks Amber to go to India on a mysterious crrand. Amber decides to leave at once for India. On the way he sends a letter to Mr. Labertouche, a scientific friend in Calcutta, by a quicker route. Upon arriving he finds a note awaiting him. It directs Amber to meet his friend at a certain place. The latter tells him he knows his mission is to get Miss Farrell out of the country. Amber attempts to dispose of the Token to a money-lender, is mistaken for Tutton and barely escapes being mobbed. A message from Labertouche causes him to start for Darjeeling; on the way he meets Miss Farrell, and at their fourney's end asks her to heavone his wife. A Hindu con-Labertouche causes him to start for Dariseling: on the way he meets Miss
Farrell, and at their journey's end asks
her to become his wife. A Hindu conducts Amber to a secret place, and in the
presence of a beautiful woman who mistakes him for Rutton. Later Amber is
drugged. The Hindus plot rebellion, and
at Labertouche's instigation Amber returns to the woman Naraini to discover
the secret of the conspiracy. He learns
they would make him their king.

CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued).

Again he failed to answer. Somewhere near him he heard a slight noise as of a man moving impatiently; and then a whisper: "Respond, thou

"Art thou come. O chosen of the Gateway?" the bell-voice rang. "I . . . I am come," Amber man-

aged to reply. "Hear ye!" rang the bell. "Hear ye, O lords and rulers in Medhyama! O children of my Gateway, hear ye well! He is come! He stands upon the threshold of the Gateway."

A great drum roared like the crack of doom; and Amber's law dropped. For in the high roof of the temple a six-foot slab had been noiselessly withdrawn, and through it a cold shaft of moonlight fell, cutting the gloom like a gigantic rapier, and smote with its immaculate radiance the true Gateway of Swords.

Not six paces from him it leaped out of the darkness in an iridescent sheen; an arch a scant ten feet in height, and in span double the width of a big man's shoulders, woven across like a weaver's frame with ribbons of pale fire. But the ribbons were of from base to span and all the grace- white as ivory, its swelling hood as ful sweep of the intrados, a curtain of large as a man's two hands, with a the way to the mystery beyond. Which was-darkness.

"O ye swords!" belled the voice. "O ye swords that have known no dishonor! O ye swords that have sung in the grasp of my greatest! Swords of Jehangar, Akbar, Alamgir! Swords of Alludin, Humayun, Shah Jehan! Swords of Timur-Leng, Arungzeb, Rao Rutton! . .

The invocation seemed interminable. Amber recognized almost every name noted in the annals and legends

of Hindustan. . . . "Hearken, O my swords! He, thy chosen, prayeth for entry! What is

thy welcome?" One by one the blades began to shiver, clashing their neighbors, until the curtain of steel glimmered and elistened like phosphorescence in a summer sea, and the place was filled with the music of their contact: and through their clamor boomed the bell: "O my chosen!" Amber started and held himself firmly in hand. "Look

well, look well! Here is thy portal to kingship and glory! He frowned and took a step forward as if he would throw himself through the archway; for he had suddenly remembered with compelling vividness that Sophia Farrell was to be won only by that passage. But as he moved the swords clattered afresh and swung outwards, presenting a bristle of points. And he stopped, while the

ways, continued to harangue him. "If thy heart, O-my chosen, be clean, unsullied with fear and guile; if thy faith be the faith of thy fathers and thy honor rooted in love of thy land: if thou hast faith in the strength of thy hands to hold the reins of empire

voice, indifferent and remote as al-

enter, having no fear." "Trick-work," he told himself. He set his teeth with determination. "Hope they don't see fit to cut me to pieces on suspicion. Here goes." He moved forward with a firm step until

his bosom all but touched the points. Instantaneously, with another clash as of cymbals, the blades were deflected and returned to their first position, closing the way. He hesitated. Then, "That shan't stop me!" he said through his teeth, and pushed forward.

ed jealously, closing round his body like cold, caressing arms; he felt their chill kisses on his cheeks and hands. even through his clothing he was conclous of their clinging, deadly touch. Abruptly they swung entirely free, leaving the entrance clear, and he was drawing a free breath when the moon glare showed him the swords returned to position with the speed of light. He jumped for his life and escaped being slashed to pieces by the barest They swung to behind him; and again the drum roared, while afar there arose a furious, eldritch wailing of conches. Overhead the opening disappeared and the light was shut In darkness as of the Hall of Eblis the conches were stilled and

the bell spoke. "Stretch forth thy hand."

Somewhat shaken, Amber held out of nothingness something plopped into Amber's hand and his fingers closed convulsively about it. It was a hand, and hard as steel and cold as ice.

held sway for many minutes ere again

Without any forewarning two heavy hands gripped him, one on either shoulder, and he was forced to his shot down from the zenith, and where humble." it fell with a thunderclap a dazzling glare of emerald light shot up breasthigh.

To his half-blinded eyes it seemed, for a time, to dance suspended in the confer upon thee—I Medhyama, thy a child: "Labertouche!" A voice said: air before him. A vapor swirled up from it, a thin cloud, luminous. By degrees he made out its source, a small, brazen bowl on a tripod.

In front of him he could see nothing beyond the noiselessly wavering flame. But presently a hand appeared. as if by magic, above the bowl-a hand, bony, brown and long of finger, that seemed attached to nothing-and cast something like a powder into the fire. There followed a fizz and puff of vapor, and a strong and heavy gust of incense was wafted into Amber's face. Again and again the hand appeared, sprinkling powder in the brazier, until the smoke clouded the atmosphere with its fluent, eddying coils.

The gooseflesh that had pricked out on Amber's skin subsided, and his qualms went with it. "Greek fire burning in the bowl," he explained the phenomenon; "and a native with his arm wrapped to the wrist in black is feeding it. Not a bad effect, though."

It was, perhaps, as well that he had not been deceived, for there was a horror to come that required all his strength to face. He became conscious that something was moving between him and the brazier-something which he had incuriously assumed to steel-steel blades, sharp, bright, be a piece of dirty cloth left there gleaming. With their pommels cun- carelessly. But now he saw it stir, ningly affixed so that their points squirm, and upend, unfolding itself touched and interlaced, yet swung and lifting its head to the leaping free, they lined the piers of the arch flame; an immense cobra, sleek and shimmering, trembling steel, barring binocular mark on it as yellow as topaz and with vicious eyes glowing like twin rubies in its vile little head.

Amber's breath clicked in his throat and he shrank back, rising; but this instinctive move had been provided against and before his knees were fairly off the rocky floor he was forced down again by the hands on his shoulders. He was unable to take his eyes from the monster, and though terror such as man is heir to lay cold upon his heart, he did not again attempt to stir.

There was no sound. Alone and undisturbed the bleached viper warmed to its dance with the pulsing flame turning and twisting, weaving and writhing in its infernal glare.

"Hear ye, O my peoples!" Amber jumped. The voice seemed to ring out from a point di-

rectly overhead. He looked up and discovered above him, vague in the obscurity, the outlines of a gigantic bell, hanging motionless. The green glare, shining on its rim and partly illuminating its empty hollow (he saw no clapper) revealed the sheen of bronze of which

it was fashloned. Out of its immense bowl, the voice olled like thunder: "Hear ye, O my peoples!"

A responsive muymur ascended from the company round the walls:

"We hear! We hear, O Medhyama!" "Mark well this man, O children of my Gateway. Mark well! Out of ye all I have chosen him to lead thee in the work of healing; for I thy mother, I Medbyama, I Bharuta, I the body from which ye are sprung, call me by whatever name ye know me-I am laid low with a great sickness. Yea, I am stricken and laid low with

In the brazier the flame leaped high and subsided, and with it the cobra leaped and sank low upon its colls. "I, thine old mother, have called ge ogether to help in my healing. From my feet to my bead I am eaten with pestilence; yea, I am devoured and possessed by the evil. Even of old was it thus with thy mother; long since she complained of the Plague

them; they fied from its power and able.

cavern,

dren T "Nay, nay, O our mother!"

"Too long have I suffered and been patient in silence. Now I must be cleansed and made whole as of old time; yes, I must be purged altogether and the evil cast out from me. It for another moment the cobra is time. . . Ye have heard, ye maintained the tensity. Then slowly, have answered; make ready, for the cruel head waving, hood shrinking, day of the cleansing approacheth. Whet thy swords for the days of the by coll it sank. healing, for my cleansing can be but by steel. Yes, thy swords shall do away with the evil, and the land shall run red with the blood of Bharuta, the blood of thy mother; it shall run to the sea as a river, bearing with it the Red Evil. So and no otherwise shall I, thine old mother, be healed and made whole again."

Amber was watching the serpentdazed and weary as if with a great need of sleep. Even the salvos of shouts came to him as from a great distance. To the clangor of the bell alone he had become abnormally sensitive; every fiber of his being shudthe echoes ebbed into a silence that dered, responsive to its weird nuances. It returned to its solemn and stately intoning.

"Out of ye all have I chosen and fixed upon one who shall lead ye. an open palm before him. Then out Through his shall my strength be made manifest, my will be made known to my peoples. His must ye serve and obey; to him must ye bow very small small as a child's gnarled down and be humble. Say, are ve pleased? Will ye have him, my chil-

Without an instant's delay a cry of ratification rang to the roof. "Yea, knees. At the same instant, with a O our mother! him we will serve and snapping crackle a spurt of blue flame obey, to him bow down and be

> The voice addressed itself directly roused.

"Hast thou judged him, O death?" Instantly the white cobra reared up to its utmost and remained polsed over throats and resounded through the Amber, barely moving save for the almost impercentible throbbing of the filled with a ruddy glare of torchlight, hood and the incessant darting of the a raving rabble of gorgeously attired natives in its center. Then the open-

"If he be loyal, then spare him." The hood did not move. Amber's flesh crawled with unspeakable dread. "If he be faithless, then . .

strike!" eyes losing their deathly luster, coil

A thick murmur ran the round of the walls, swelling into an inarticulate cry, which beat upon Amber's ears like the raving of a far-off surf. From his lips a strangled sob broke, and, every muscle relaxing, he lurched for

Alarmed, in a trice the cobra was up again, hood distended to the bursting point, head swinging so swiftly that the eye could not follow it. In another would come the final thrust.

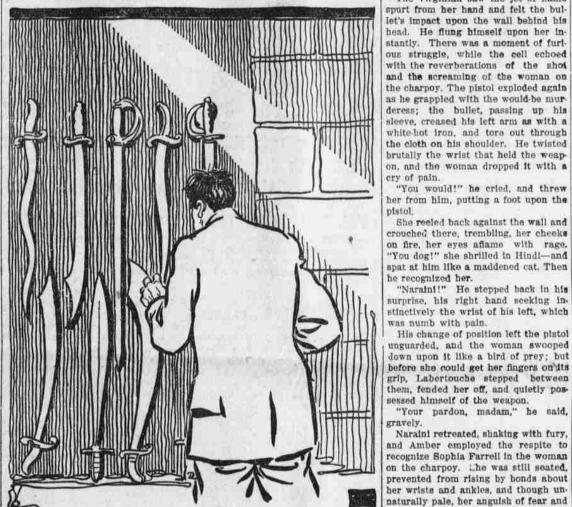
A firearm exploded behind Amber, singeing his cheek with its flame. He fell over sideways, barely escaping the head of the cobra, which, with its hood blown to tatters, writhed in convulsions, its malignant tongue straining forth as if in one last attempt to reach his hand.

A second shot followed the first and then a brisk, confused fusillade. Amber heard a man scream out in mortal agony, and the dull sound of a heavy body falling near him; but, coincident with the second report, the brazier had been overturned and its light extinguished as if sucked up into the air

CHAPTER XIX.

Rutton's Daughter. In darkness the blacker for the sud-

den disappearance of the light, someto the kneeling man. He stiffened and body stumbled over Amber-stumbled and swore in good English. The Vir-"Thou hast heard of the honor we ginian sat up, crying out as weakly as



"O My Chosen!"

Bharuta. Are ye ready?"

Half hypnotized, Amber opened his nouth, but no words came. His chin dropped to his breast.

"Thy strength must be known to my coples; they must see thee put to the proof thy courage, that they may know thee to be the man for their. . . Ye are ready?"

He was unable to move a finger. "Stretch out thine arms!" He shuddered and tried to obey. The voice rang imperative.

"Stretch forth thine arms for the testing!" Somehow, mechanically, he succeed ed in raising his arms and holding them rigid before him. Alarmed by the movement, the cobra turned with a hiss, waving his poisonous head. But the Virginian made no offer to with draw his hands. His eyes were wide

and staring and his face livid. A subdued murmur came from the men clustered round the idols, in semi-darkness.

The bell boomed forth like an organ "O hooded death. . . . O death, who art trained to my service! Thou before whom all men stand affrighted! Thou who canst look into their hearts and read them as a scroll that is unrolled. . . Look deep into the heart of my chosen! judge if he be worthy or wanting, judge if he be false Judge him, O death!" or true. .

Before Amber the great serpent was oscillating like a pendulum, its little tongue playing like forked red lightning, its loathsome red eyes holding his own.

"Look well, O death, and judge

him!" The dance of the hooded death that is Scarlet-moaned and cried out | changed in character, grew more frenand turned in her musery. . . But | zied: the white writhing coils melted

mother, and these my children, thy | "Thank God!" He felt strong hands brothers. Ye shall lead and rule in lift him to his feet. He clung to him who had helped him, swaying like a drunkard, wits a swirl in the brain thus roughly awakened from semihypnosis.

"Here," said Labertouche's voice "take my hand and follow. We're in for it now!" He caught Amber's hand and

dragged him, yielding and unquestioning, rapidly through a chaotic rush of unseen bodies.

The firing had electrified the tense strung audience. With a pandemonium of shrieks, oaths, shouts, orders unheard and commands unheeded, concerted rush was made from every quarter, to the spot where the doomed man had been kneeling. No man could have said where he stood or whither he ran-save one, perhaps. That one was at Amber's side and had old his course beforehand and knew that both their lives depended upon his sticking to it without deviation. To him a rush of a hundred feet in a direct line meant salvation, the least devia-

tion from it, death. He was now recovering rapidly and able to appreciate that they stood a good chance of winning away; for the natives were all converging toward the center of the cavern, and apparently none heeded them. Nevertheless Labertouche, releasing him, put a revolver in his hand.

"Don't hesitate to shoot if anyone omes this way!" he said. "I've got to get this door open and . . . He broke off with an ejaculation of

gratitude; for while he had been speaking his fingers busily groping in the convolutions of the sculptured pedestal had encountered what he sought, and now he pulled out an iron bar two feet or so in length and as thick as a woman's wrist. Inserting this in a socket, as one familiar with the heart in mouth. He breasted the cur- ye falled me. Then my peoples were into one another in disaying confusion; trick, he put his weight upon it; a fair and falt it give: the blanes yield- weaklings and their hearts all ware hours merged into faure like smoke, carved sandstone slab alld back alless. trick, he put his weight upon it; a ask?" Johnny-"Well, suppose a Box

ears a minister?"-Les Here he paused, and one of the sleuths asked. "What was in the can?

"Seguro. The can was filled with

strup!"-- Mapila Times. Ate His Subscriptions. She-And you are a strict vegetari-

Did you get stung, too?"

What made you a vegetarian? Oh I've been running a country newspaper for twenty-five years!-

WILL FAIL OF EFFECT

toeing a black cavernous over

"In with you," panted Labertouc

Amber did not. He took with him

ing received him and he found himself

in a black hole of an underground

gallery-a place that reeked with the

Labertouche followed and with the

aid of a small electric pocket lamp dis-

covered another socket for the lever.

A moment later the slab moved back

into place. Labertouche chuckled.

'Come along," he said, and drew ahead

They sped down a passage that

rock. Now and again it turned and

struck away in another direction.

Once they descended-or rather fell

Labertouche pushed Amber on

The Virginian saw the jet of flame

At the bottom Amber stopped.

"Hold on!" he cried.

What's the matter?"

"Sophia-!"

along."

blank.

cry of pain.

he recognized her.

was numb with pain.

Naraini retreated, shaking with fury,

and Amber employed the respite to

recognize Sophia Farrell in the woman

on the charpoy. The was still seated.

prevented from rising by bonds about

her wrists and ankles, and though un-

naturally pale, her anguish of fear and

despair had set its marks upon her

ace without one whit detracting from

the appeal of her beauty. He went to

her immediately, and as their eyes

met, hers flamed with joy, relief and-

he dared believe-a stronger emotion.

"You-you're not hurt, Mr. Amber?"

"Not at all. The bullet went out

through my sleeve. And you?" He

dropped on his knees, with his pocket-

"I'm all right." She took his hands,

helping herself to rise. "Thank you,"

she said, her eyes shining, a flush of

"Did you cut those ropes, Amber?"

The Englishman explained without

turning from his sombre and morose

regard of Naraini, "Too bad-we'll

have to tie this woman up, somehow,

She's a complication I hadn't foreseen.

to attend to her-you and Miss Farrell.

The pistol which he still held lent

to his demand a sinister significance

of which he was, perhaps, thoughtless,

But Sophia Farrell heard, saw and sur-

"No!" she cried, going swiftly to the

secret agent. "No!" She put a hand

"Did you hear me, Amber?" said La-

"What do you mean to do?" insist

ed Sophia. "You can't-you mustn't-

"This is no time for half-measures

Miss Farrell," Labertouche told her

brusquely. "Our lives hang in the bal-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Chance Has He?

Johnny-"Grandpa, do llons go to

Johnny-"Well, do ministers?" Grand-

pa-"Why, of course, Why do

Grandpa-"No, Johnny."

Amber's, yours,

mine.

upon his arm, but he shook it off.

bertouche, still watching the queen.

Go on down the gallery-to the left,

Here; you'd better leave me

color suffusing her face with glory.

Labertouche interposed curtly.

knife severing the ends of rope that

bound her.

"Yes. Why?"

I'll eatch up with you."

ance-Mr.

heaven?"

Please go."

pistol

dank odors of the tomb.

at a dog-trot

hasy impression of a vast, vaulted hall PROTEST OF STEEL CORPORA TION IS ABSURD.

> Workmen Have Not Been Benefited. but the Reverse, by the Operations of the Glant Company-Figures Prove It.

Mr. Gary, of the United States Steel corporation, is a wonderful bustness executive, as also is Mr. Carnegle, but at times both make some exceedingly trite utterances. Subsequent to the suit against the corpora tion Mr. Gary was quoted:

delved at a sharp grade through solld "If any harm results it will fall upon the stockholders and employes, aggregating a very large number, and any loss to them must be deplored."

down-a short, steep flight of steps. Neither was it especially original in Mr. Carnegie to express solicitation for the stockholders when the Labertouche pulled up impatiently. even tenor of \$28 ralls and 90 per cent, of the steel trade generally was disturbed. Professed consideration for "Trust me, dear boy, and come stockholder and employe has long been a clause in the trust's decalogue. It was some time later that Laber Hence the criticism of these gentletouche extinguished his lamp and men's comments as trite. Somehow threw a low word of warning over or other this worry over what will his shoulder. Synchronously Amber happen to the employe vaguely rediscerned, far ahead, a faint glow of minds us of the familiar shibboleth vellow light. As they bore down upon "Let us alone," which was last exit with unmoderated speed he could pressed by Mr. Morgan's man, Persee that it emanated from a roughkins, in his Big Business speech at hewn doorway, opening off the pas-Detroit.

But to return to Mr. Gary. In the one sentence quoted may be found ahead. Stooping, the Virginian enthe kernel of the nation's protests tered a small, rude chamber hollowed against the trusts and the tariff from out of the rock of Katlapur. A crude which they have sprung. Shifting the lamp in a bracket furnished all its illublame, shifting the burden, shifting mination, filling it with a reek of hot the loss-are familiar enough to reoil. Amber was vaguely aware of the quire no comment. Each time the figures of two women-one standing tariff has been threatened or an efin a corner, the other seated dejectedfort made to enforce the Sherman ly upon a charpoy, her head against law, the placard-"remember the the wall. As he lifted his head after workingman"-has been held up in passing under the low lintel, the womwarning. It is of close kin to the an in the corner fired at him point-Standard Oil fines of several years ago, when retail prices were raised in keeping with the court's sentence. It purt from her hand and felt the bulranks with the American Tobacco let's impact upon the wall behind his company's solution of the Spanishhead. He flung bimself upon her in American war tax-a reduction in the stantly. There was a moment of furl- size of the packages, which size has ous struggle, while the cell echoed never been restored. with the reverberations of the shot

And the tariff, surely, by this same and the screaming of the woman on reasoning, is for the benefit of the the charpoy. The pistol exploded again | workingmen-for the trusts' emas he grappled with the would-be mur- ployes especially; that is why the deress; the bullet, passing up his trusts have clung so tenaciously to sleeve, creased his left arm as with a the good old standpat schedules. That white-hot iron, and tore out through the trusts themselves prospered was, the cloth on his shoulder. He twisted of course, merely incidental. Now brutally the wrist that held the weap- comes the employe as the great sufon, and the woman dropped it with a ferer by trust dissolution. The United States Steel corporation points to its "You would!" he cried, and threw system of profit sharing and penher from him, putting a foot upon the sioning, to its beneficent treatment of the thousands on its pay roll. She reeled back against the wall and in this connection we recall the findcrouched there, trembling, her cheeks ings of the so-called Pittsburg Suron fire, her eyes affame with rage, vey, published last May by the Rus-"You dog!" she shrilled in Hindi-and sell Sage foundation. This report spat at him like a maddened cat. Then showed that from the time of the corporation's inception the cause of "Naraini!" He stepped back in his labor, organized and open, had been surprise, his right hand seeking in losing; that working hours had been stinctively the wrist of his left, which | lengthened and that the wage increase boasted of had fallen below the in-His change of position left the pistol crease in the cost of living. The unguarded, and the woman swooped steel trust was not organized for the down upon it like a bird of prey; but benefit of its employes, Mr. Gary notbefore she could get her fingers on its withstanding.-Indianapolis News.

A Washington dispatch refers to the wishes of the "southern Republicans" "Your pardon, madam," he said, -meaning, of course, the little handful of federal office holders in south.

Defenders of Tariff of 1909. The tariff act of 1909 has been investigated by several competent and disinterested persons. The results of their investigations may be found in Miss Tarbell's "Tariff in Our Own Times," in Professor Taussig's "Tariff History of the United States," Professor Coman's "Industrial History of the United States" and in various magazine article of importance, including Prof. Willis' articles in the Journal of Political Economy, and an

exceptionally thorough study in the Review of Reviews. All of these investigators agree that

the revision was farcical. The only defenses of the act have come from such sources as members of the ways and means committee and the wool trust, which prints an elaborate puff of schedule K in the current issue of the Outlook-as an advertisement

Competition Eliminated.

The eleventh-hour resolution of the Steel Trust to divest itself of a part of its ore holdings was a confession of guilt. The Steel Trust dominates the markets for billets and other basic steel products, rails, steel plates, tinplate, wire, and structural iron as completely as the Oil Trust dominates the market for petroleum and its various derivatives. Petroleum prices are fixed by a few men, who meet occasionally in a tall building on lower Broadway; steel prices are discussed and arranged at Gary dinners. Competition has absolutely nothing to do with the matter; it is completely climinsted.-Philadelphia Record.

Kindred Glooms. Says the Chinese emperor in an im

perial edict: "I have reigned three years, and have always acted conscientiously in the interests of the people. But I have not employed men properly, as I am without political skill. I have employed too many nobles in official po sitions. The people are grumbling, vet I do not know. Disasters foom

ahead, but I do not see." Of what other distinguished head of a government do these utterances remind you?

Art Anachronism.

"It is generally acknowledged that the most brillight light cavalry officer the nation has ever produced was Oliver Cromwell. It is, therefore, peculiarly unfortunate-but it is never theless a fact-that on the statue of the Protector which stands outside Westminster hall the spurs are represented as attached to the boots upside down! Further, the left spur 's on the right foot, and the right is on the left, while it is insisted by the best experts that the spurs are not of the period."-Bargain Book

Stops Neuralgia Pains

Sloan's Liniment has a soothing effect on the nerves. It stops neuralgia and sciatica pains instantly.

Here's Proof

Mrs. C. M. Dowker of Johanoesburg, Mich., writes:—"Siona's Liniment is the best medicine in the world. It has relieved me of Neuralgia. Those pains have all gone and I can taily say your Liniment did stop them:

Mr. Andrew F. Lear of 69 Gay Street, Camberlands. Mds., writes:—"I have used Slow's Liniment for Neuralgia and I certainly do praise it very much."

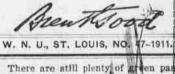
is the best remedy for rheumatism, backache, sore throat and sprains.



Constipation Vanishes Forever Prompt Relief-Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never ble - act surely

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE, Genuine must bear Signature



tures for all the Lord's sheet In Strange Comp The Visitor-And what is that gran

stone structure over there? The Courier-Zat ees ze armory ze soldiers. The Visitor - Ah, yes. And that

long, low building that looks like a train shed-what is that? The Courier-Zat ees ze arsenal. The Visitor-I see, And what is the big factory with the immense smoke-

stack? The Courier-Zat ees ze gr-a-reat iron works where is made ze big gun

an' ze shot an' ze shell, The Visitor-And that peculiar looking structure across the river-the

one with the rounded roof? The Courier-Zat ees ze powder magazine.

The Visitor-And what is this magnificent marble structure with its won derful dome and countless columns?

The Courier-Oh, zat ees only ze palace of peace! - Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Revised Version.

Representative Henry of Texas, in an eloquent and witty attack on international marriages, said the other day in Waco: "The Honorable Maude Laclands.

the little daughter of the Earl of Laclands and a Chicago pork queen, once asked her mother: "'Mamma, how long does a honey-

moon last? "Lady Laclands with a bitter smile made answer.

'The honeymoon may be said to

last, my dear, until your husband be gins to pester you for money." A BRAIN WORKER. Must Have the Kind of Food That

Nourishes Brain. "I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledg-

ment of the debt that I owe to Grate-"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head. the power of sustained, accurate think-I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive

apparatus. "I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutriment. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved.

"Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutriment that so many other prepared

foods lack. "I had not been using it very long before I found that 1 was turning out an unusual quantity and quality or work. Continued use has demonstrate ed to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains the elements needed by the brain and nervous sys-

tem of the hard working public wri-

ter." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in phys.

Ever read the above letter? A anc appears from time to time, are gravine, true, and fall of h interest.

Case of the Bitter Bitten

Amusing Transaction in Counterfelt Bills and Smuggled Opium Takes

Place in Manila. The city secret service is still zeal ously investigating the operations of the gang of counterfeiters recently gathered in, and each day brings a gang and the uncovering of mose of

Behind the story of the arrest is a tale, told by one of the alleged countrellers, which contradicts the old "Opium, you

ng oplum with it, instead of distribut | count it, and you can be sure I never | what was in the can."

ing it around promiscuously When asked the other day by the detectives how the scheme

"Oplum, you know," he began, "Is saying about there being honor even generally sold at night. Neither we nor the ones who sell it to us are The counterfeit money was not a taking any chances, so when we buy particularly good imitation of the 20 it the transfer of course is completed pero bills turned out by the govern- as quickly as possible. I have bought new discovery of some activity of the ment, and realizing its deficiencies, lots of the drug with phony money its makers hit upon the plan of buy, and I never yet saw the Chinese money afterward. I know I examined

take time to analyze the dope when I get it. The main idea is to get away with the goods without being worked, one of the counterfelters told caught

"Just before you got us I went out aboard a steamer and bought a can. I had the money wadded up-200 pesos it was, in phony money, pushed the wad to the Chinee and he as quickly handed me the can." Here the man smiled at the recol-

-Oh, yes. lection. "I suppose he examined the Youl rs Statesman.